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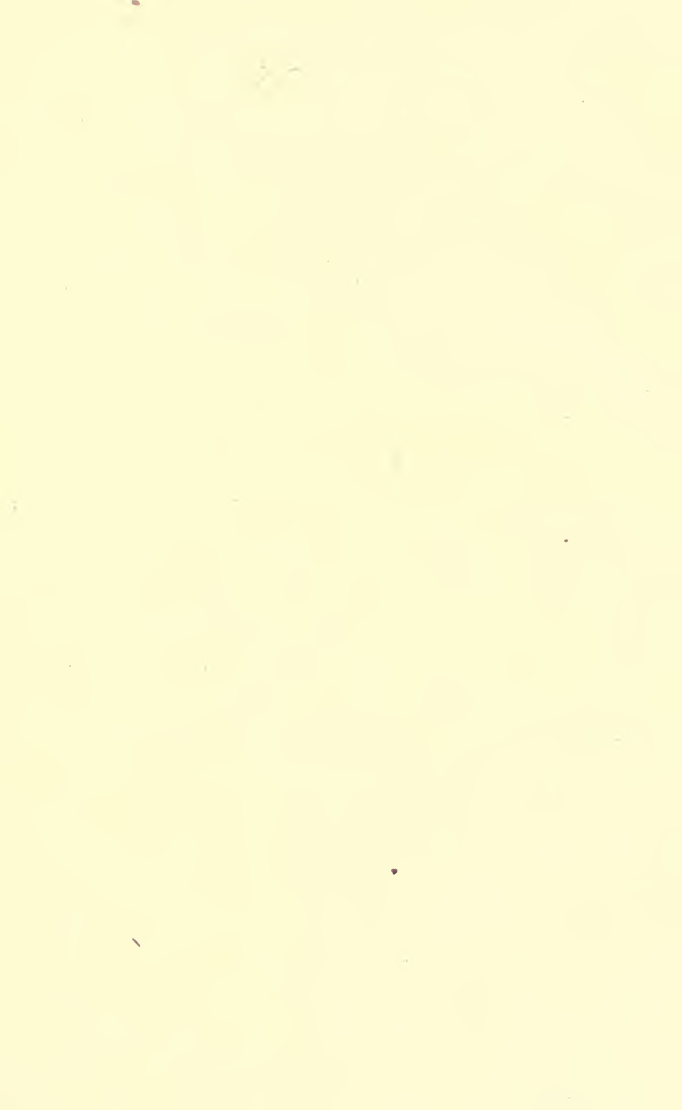
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PENNSYLVANIA
PILGRIM.
By



JOHN G. WHITTIER,







THE
PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM,
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



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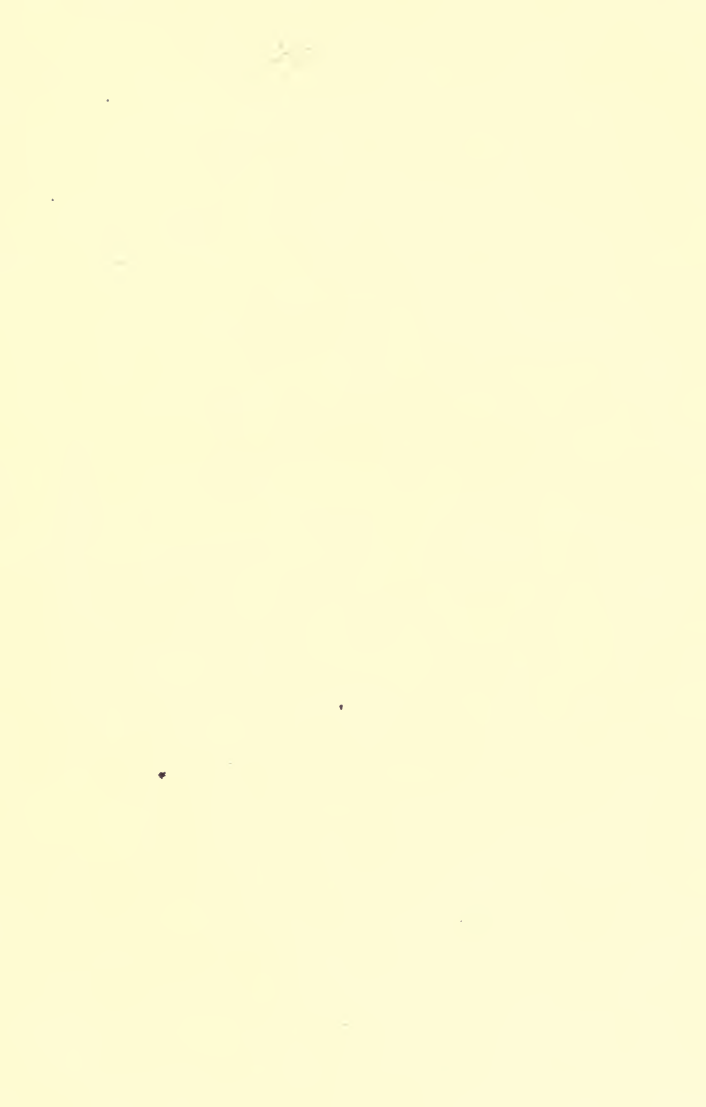
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FRANCIS DANIEL PASTORIUS.

THE beginning of German emigration to America may be traced to the personal influence of William Penn, who in 1677 visited the Continent, and made the acquaintance of an intelligent and highly cultivated circle of Pietists, or Mystics, who, reviving in the seventeenth century the spiritual faith and worship of Tauler and the "Friends of God" in the fourteenth, gathered about the pastor Spener, and the young and beautiful Eleonora Johanna Von Merlau. In this circle originated the Frankfort Land Company, which bought of William Penn, the Governor of Pennsylvania, a tract of land near the new city of Philadelphia.

The company's agent in the New World was a rising young lawyer, Francis Daniel Pastorius, son of Judge Pastorius, of Windsheim, who, at the age of seventeen, entered the University of Altorf. He studied law at Strasburg, Basle, and Jena, and at Ratisbon, the seat of the Imperial Government, obtained a practical knowledge of international polity. Successful in all his examinations and disputations, he received the degree of Doctor of Laws at Nuremberg in 1676. In 1679 he was a law-lecturer at Frank-

fort, where he became deeply interested in the teachings of Dr. Spener. In 1680–81 he travelled in France, England, Ireland, and Italy with his friend Herr Von Rodeck. "I was," he says, "glad to enjoy again the company of my Christian friends, rather than be with Von Rodeck feasting and dancing." In 1683, in company with a small number of German Friends, he emigrated to America, settling upon the Frankfort Company's tract between the Schuylkill and the Delaware Rivers. The township was divided into four hamlets, namely, Germantown, Krisheim, Crefield, and Sommerhausen. Soon after his arrival he united himself with the Society of Friends, and became one of its most able and devoted members, as well as the recognized head and lawgiver of the settlement. He married, two years after his arrival, Anneke (Anna), daughter of Dr. Klosterman, of Muhlheim.

In the year 1688 he drew up a memorial against slaveholding, which was adopted by the Germantown Friends and sent up to the Monthly Meeting, and thence to the Yearly Meeting at Philadelphia. It is noteworthy as the first protest made by a religious body against Negro Slavery. The original document was discovered in 1844 by the Philadelphia antiquarian, Nathan Kite, and published in "The Friend" (Vol. XVIII. No. 16). It is a bold and direct appeal to the best instincts of the heart. "Have not," he asks, "these negroes as much right to fight for their freedom as you have to keep them slaves?"

Under the wise direction of Pastorius, the Germantown settlement grew and prospered. The inhabitants planted orchards and vineyards, and surrounded themselves with souvenirs of their old home. A large number of them were linen-weavers, as well as small farmers. The Quakers were the principal sect, but men of all religions were tolerated, and lived together in harmony. In 1692 Richard Frame published, in what he called verse, a "Description of Pennsylvania," in which he alludes to the settlement :—

"The German town of which I spoke before,
Which is at least in length one mile or more,
Where lives High German people and Low Dutch,
Whose trade in weaving linen cloth is much,—
There grows the flax, as also you may know
That from the same they do divide the tow.
Their trade suits well their habitation,—
We find convenience for their occupation."

Pastorius seems to have been on intimate terms with William Penn, Thomas Lloyd, Chief Justice Logan, Thomas Story, and other leading men in the Province belonging to his own religious society, as also with Kelpius, the learned Mystic of the Wissahickon, with the pastor of the Swedes' church, and the leaders of the Mennonites. He wrote a description of Pennsylvania, which was published at Frankfort and Leipsic in 1700 and 1701. His "Lives of the Saints," etc., written in German and dedicated to Prof. Schurmberg, his old teacher, was published in 1690. He left be-

hind him many unpublished manuscripts covering a very wide range of subjects, most of which are now lost. One huge manuscript folio, entitled "Hive Beestock, Melliotropheum Alucar, or Rusca Apium," still remains, containing one thousand pages with about one hundred lines to a page. It is a medley of knowledge and fancy, history, philosophy, and poetry, written in seven languages. A large portion of his poetry is devoted to the pleasures of gardening, the description of flowers, and the care of bees. The following specimen of his punning Latin is addressed to an orchard-pilferer :—

"Quisquis in hæc furtim reptas viridaria nostra
Tangere fallaci poma caveto manu,
Si non obsequeris faxit Deus omne quod opto,
Cum malis nostris ut mala cuncta feras."

Professor Oswald Seidensticker, to whose papers in *Der Deutsche Pioneer* and that able periodical the "Penn Monthly," of Philadelphia, I am indebted for many of the foregoing facts in regard to the German pilgrims of the New World, thus closes his notice of Pastorius :—

"No tombstone, not even a record of burial, indicates where his remains have found their last resting-place, and the pardonable desire to associate the homage due to this distinguished man with some visible memento cannot be gratified. There is no reason to suppose that he was interred in any other place than the Friends' old burying-ground in Germantown, though the fact is not attested by

any definite source of information. After all, this obliteration of the last trace of his earthly existence is but typical of what has overtaken the times which he represents ; *that* Germantown which he founded, which saw him live and move, is at present but a quaint idyl of the past, almost a myth, barely remembered and little cared for by the keener race that has succeeded."

The Pilgrims of Plymouth have not lacked historian and poet. Justice has been done to their faith, courage, and self-sacrifice, and to the mighty influence of their endeavors to establish righteousness on the earth. The Quaker pilgrims of Pennsylvania, seeking the same object by different means, have not been equally fortunate. The power of their testimony for truth and holiness, peace and freedom, enforced only by what Milton calls "the irresistible might of meekness," has been felt through two centuries in the amelioration of penal severities, the abolition of slavery, the reform of the erring, the relief of the poor and suffering, — felt, in brief, in every step of human progress. But of the men themselves, with the single exception of William Penn, scarcely anything is known. Contrasted, from the outset, with the stern, aggressive Puritans of New England, they have come to be regarded as "a feeble folk," with a personality as doubtful as their unrecorded graves. They were not soldiers, like Miles Standish ; they had no figure so picturesque as Vane, no leader so rashly brave and haughty as Endicott. No Cotton Mather wrote their

Magnalia ; they had no awful drama of supernaturalism in which Satan and his angels were actors ; and the only witch mentioned in their simple annals was a poor old Swedish woman, who, on complaint of her countrywomen, was tried and acquitted of everything but imbecility and folly. Nothing but commonplace offices of civility came to pass between them and the Indians ; indeed, their enemies taunted them with the fact that the savages did not regard them as Christians, but just such men as themselves. Yet it must be apparent to every careful observer of the progress of American civilization that its two principal currents had their sources in the entirely opposite directions of the Puritan and Quaker colonies. To use the words of a late writer : * “The historical forces, with which no others may be compared in their influence on the people, have been those of the Puritan and the Quaker. The strength of the one was in the confession of an invisible Presence, a righteous, eternal Will, which would establish righteousness on earth ; and thence arose the conviction of a direct personal responsibility, which could be tempted by no external splendor and could be shaken by no internal agitation, and could not be evaded or transferred. The strength of the other was the witness in the human spirit to an eternal Word, an Inner Voice which spoke to each alone, while yet it spoke to every man ; a Light which each was to follow, and which yet was the light of the world ; and all other

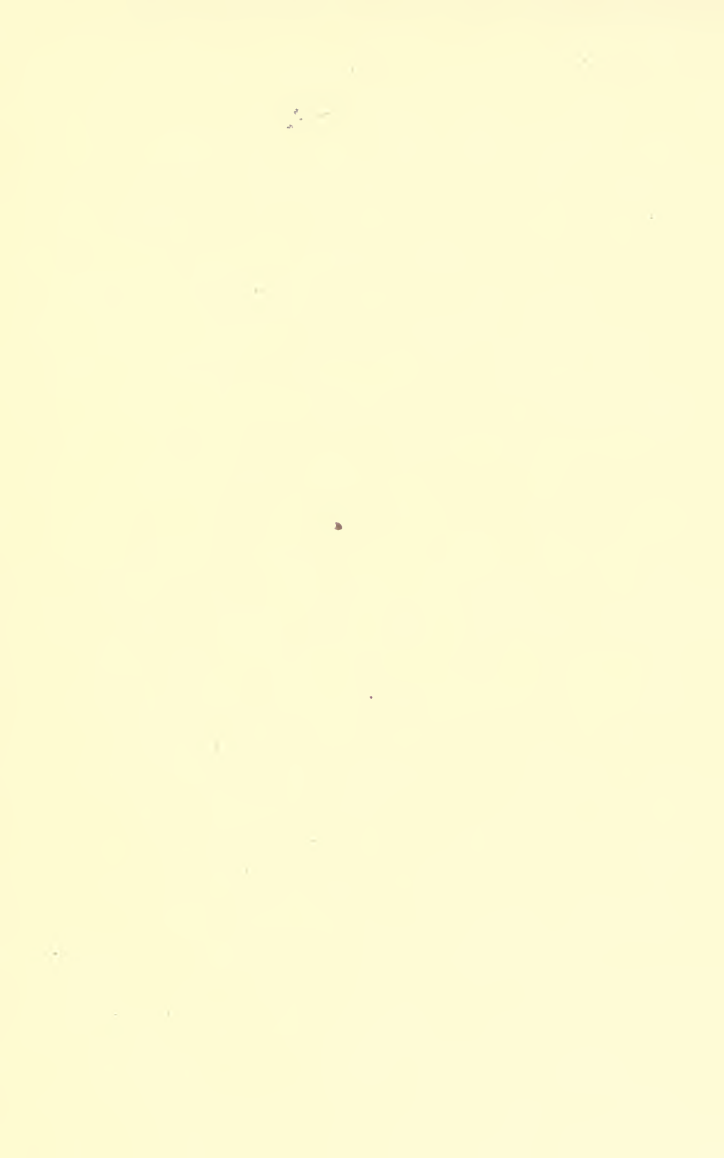
* Mulford's Nation, pp. 267, 268.

voices were silent before this, and the solitary path whither it led was more sacred than the worn ways of cathedral-aisles.”

It will be sufficiently apparent to the reader that, in the poem which follows, I have attempted nothing beyond a study of the life and times of the Pennsylvania colonist,— a simple picture of a noteworthy man and his locality. The colors of my sketch are all very sober, toned down to the quiet and dreamy atmosphere through which its subject is visible. Whether, in the glare and tumult of the present time, such a picture will find favor may well be questioned. I only know that it has beguiled for me some hours of weariness, and that, whatever may be its measure of public appreciation, it has been to me its own reward.

J. G. W.

AMESBURY, Fifth Month, 1872.



HAIL to posterity!

Hail, future men of Germanopolis!

Let the young generations yet to be

Look kindly upon this.

Think how your fathers left their native land,—

Dear German-land! O sacred hearths and
homes!—

And, where the wild beast roams,

In patience planned

New forest-homes beyond the mighty sea,

There undisturbed and free

To live as brothers of one family.

What pains and cares befell,

What trials and what fears,

Remember, and wherein we have done well
Follow our footsteps, men of coming years!
Where we have failed to do
Aright, or wisely live,
Be warned by us, the better way pursue,
And, knowing we were human, even as you,
Pity us and forgive!
Farewell, Posterity!
Farewell, dear Germany!
Forevermore farewell!

*From the Latin of FRANCIS DANIEL PASTORIUS in the German-
town Records. 1688.*

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM.

PRELUDE.

I SING the Pilgrim of a softer clime

And milder speech than those brave men's who
brought

To the ice and iron of our winter time

A will as firm, a creed as stern, and wrought

With one mailed hand, and with the other fought.

Simply, as fits my theme, in homely rhyme

I sing the blue-eyed German Spener taught,

Through whose veiled, mystic faith the Inward Light,

Steady and still, an easy brightness, shone,

Transfiguring all things in its radiance white.

The garland which his meekness never sought

I bring him; over fields of harvest sown

With seeds of blessing, now to ripeness grown,

I bid the sower pass before the reapers' sight.



THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM.

NEVER in tenderer quiet lapsed the day
From Pennsylvania's vales of spring away,
Where, forest-walled, the scattered hamlets lay

Along the wedded rivers. One long bar
Of purple cloud, on which the evening star
Shone like a jewel on a scimitar,

Held the sky's golden gateway. Through the deep
Hush of the woods a murmur seemed to creep,
The Schuylkill whispering in a voice of sleep.

All else was still. The oxen from their ploughs
Rested at last, and from their long day's browse
Came the dun files of Krisheim's home-bound cows.

And the young city, round whose virgin zone
The rivers like two mighty arms were thrown,
Marked by the smoke of evening fires alone,

Lay in the distance, lovely even then
With its fair women and its stately men
Gracing the forest court of William Penn,

Urban yet sylvan ; in its rough-hewn frames
Of oak and pine the dryads held their claims,
And lent its streets their pleasant woodland names.

Anna Pastorius down the leafy lane
Looked city-ward, then stooped to prune again
Her vines and simples, with a sigh of pain.

For fast the streaks of ruddy sunset paled
In the oak clearing, and, as daylight failed,
Slow, overhead, the dusky night-birds sailed.

Again she looked : between green walls of shade,
With low-bent head as if with sorrow weighed,
Daniel Pastorius slowly came and said,

“God’s peace be with thee, Anna!” Then he stood
Silent before her, wrestling with the mood
Of one who sees the evil and not good.

“What is it, my Pastorius?” As she spoke,
A slow, faint smile across his features broke,
Sadder than tears. “Dear heart,” he said, “our folk

“Are even as others. Yea, our goodliest Friends
Are frail ; our elders have their selfish ends,
And few dare trust the Lord to make amends

“For duty’s loss. So even our feeble word
For the dumb slaves the startled meeting heard
As if a stone its quiet waters stirred ;

“And, as the clerk ceased reading, there began
A ripple of dissent which downward ran
In widening circles, as from man to man.

“Somewhat was said of running before sent,
Of tender fear that some their guide outwent,
Troublers of Israel. I was scarce intent

“On hearing, for behind the reverend row
Of gallery Friends, in dumb and piteous show,
I saw, methought, dark faces full of woe.

“And, in the spirit, I was taken where
They toiled and suffered ; I was made aware
Of shame and wrath and anguish and despair !

“And while the meeting smothered our poor plea
With cautious phrase, a Voice there seemed to be,
‘As ye have done to these ye do to me!’

“So it all passed ; and the old tithe went on
Of anise, mint, and cumin, till the sun
Set, leaving still the weightier work undone.

“Help, for the good man faileth ! Who is strong,
If these be weak ? Who shall rebuke the wrong,
If these consent ? How long, O Lord ! how long !”

He ceased ; and, bound in spirit with the bound,
With folded arms, and eyes that sought the ground,
Walked musingly his little garden round.

About him, beaded with the falling dew,
Rare plants of power and herbs of healing grew,
Such as Van Helmont and Agrippa knew.

For, by the lore of Gorlitz' gentle sage,
With the mild mystics of his dreamy age
He read the herbal signs of nature's page,

As once he heard in sweet Von Merlau's¹ bowers
Fair as herself, in boyhood's happy hours,
The pious Spener read his creed in flowers.

"The dear Lord give us patience!" said his wife,
Touching with finger-tip an aloe, rife
With leaves sharp-pointed like an Aztec knife

Or Carib spear, a gift to William Penn
From the rare gardens of John Evelyn,
Brought from the Spanish Main by merchantmen.

"See this strange plant its steady purpose hold,
And, year by year, its patient leaves unfold,
Till the young eyes that watched it first are old.

“ But some time, thou hast told me, there shall come
A sudden beauty, brightness, and perfume,
The century-moulded bud shall burst in bloom.

“ So may the seed which hath been sown to-day
Grow with the years, and, after long delay,
Break into bloom, and God’s eternal Yea

“ Answer at last the patient prayers of them
Who now, by faith alone, behold its stem
Crowned with the flowers of Freedom’s diadem.

“ Meanwhile, to feel and suffer, work and wait,
Remains for us. The wrong indeed is great,
But love and patience conquer soon or late.”

“ Well hast thou said, my Anna!” Tenderer
Than youth’s caress upon the head of her
Pastorius laid his hand. “ Shall we demur

“Because the vision tarrieth? In an hour
We dream not of the slow-grown bud may flower,
And what was sown in weakness rise in power!”

Then through the vine-draped door whose legend read,
“PROCUL ESTE PROPHANI!” Anna led
To where their child upon his little bed

Looked up and smiled. “Dear heart,” she said, “if we
Must bearers of a heavy burden be,
Our boy, God willing, yet the day shall see

“When, from the gallery to the farthest seat,
Slave and slave-owner shall no longer meet,
But all sit equal at the Master’s feet.”

On the stone hearth the blazing walnut block
Set the low walls a-glimmer, showed the cock
Rebuking Peter on the Van Wyck clock,

Shone on old tomes of law and physic, side
By side with Fox and Behmen, played at hide
And seek with Anna, midst her household pride

Of flaxen webs, and on the table, bare
Of costly cloth or silver cup, but where,
Tasting the fat shads of the Delaware,

The courtly Penn had praised the goodwife's cheer,
And quoted Horace o'er her home-brewed beer,
Till even grave Pastorius smiled to hear.

In such a home, beside the Schuylkill's wave,
He dwelt in peace with God and man, and gave
Food to the poor and shelter to the slave.

For all too soon the New World's scandal shamed
The righteous code by Penn and Sidney framed,
And men withheld the human rights they claimed.

And slowly wealth and station sanction lent,
And hardened avarice, on its gains intent,
Stifled the inward whisper of dissent.

Yet all the while the burden rested sore
On tender hearts. At last Pastorius bore
Their warning message to the Church's door
In God's name ; and the leaven of the word
Wrought ever after in the souls who heard,
And a dead conscience in its grave-clothes stirred
To troubled life, and urged the vain excuse
Of Hebrew custom, patriarchal use,
Good in itself if evil in abuse.

Gravely Pastorius listened, not the less
Discerning through the decent fig-leaf dress
Of the poor plea its shame of selfishness.

One Scripture rule, at least, was unforgot ;
He hid the outcast, and bewrayed him not ;
And, when his prey the human hunter sought,

He scrupled not, while Anna's wise delay
And proffered cheer prolonged the master's stay,
To speed the black guest safely on his way.

Yet, who shall guess his bitter grief who lends
His life to some great cause, and finds his friends
Shame or betray it for their private ends ?

How felt the Master when his chosen strove
In childish folly for their seats above ;
And that fond mother, blinded by her love,
Besought him that her sons, beside his throne,
Might sit on either hand ? Amidst his own
A stranger oft, companionless and lone,

God's priest and prophet stands. The martyr's pain
Is not alone from scourge and cell and chain;
Sharper the pang when, shouting in his train,

His weak disciples by their lives deny
The loud hosannas of their daily cry,
And make their echo of his truth a lie.

His forest home no hermit's cell he found,
Guests, motley-minded, drew his hearth around,
And held armed truce upon its neutral ground.

There Indian chiefs with battle-bows unstrung,
Strong, hero-limbed, like those whom Homer sung,
Pastorius fancied, when the world was young,

Came with their tawny women, lithe and tall,
Like bronzes in his friend Von Rodeck's hall,
Comely, if black, and not unpleasing all.

There hungry folk in homespun drab and gray
Drew round his board on Monthly Meeting day,
Genial, half merry in their friendly way.

Or, haply, pilgrims from the Fatherland,
Weak, timid, homesick, slow to understand
The New World's promise, sought his helping hand.

Or painful Kelpius² from his hermit den
By Wissahickon, maddest of good men,
Dreamed o'er the Chiliast dreams of Petersen.

Deep in the woods, where the small river slid
Snake-like in shade, the Helmstadt Mystic hid,
Weird as a wizard over arts forbid,

Reading the books of Daniel and of John,
And Behmen's Morning-Redness, through the Stone
Of Wisdom, vouchsafed to his eyes alone,

Whereby he read what man ne'er read before,
And saw the visions man shall see no more,
Till the great angel, striding sea and shore,

Shall bid all flesh await, on land or ships,
The warning trump of the Apocalypse,
Shattering the heavens before the dread eclipse.

Or meek-eyed Mennonist his bearded chin
Leaned o'er the gate ; or Ranter, pure within,
Aired his perfection in a world of sin.

Or, talking of old home scenes, Op den Graaf
Teased the low back-log with his shodden staff,
Till the red embers broke into a laugh

And dance of flame, as if they fain would cheer,
The rugged face, half tender, half austere,
Touched with the pathos of a homesick tear !

Or Sluyter,³ saintly familist, whose word
As law the Brethren of the Manor heard,
Announced the speedy terrors of the Lord,

And turned, like Lot at Sodom, from his race,
Above a wrecked world with complacent face
Riding secure upon his plank of grace!

Haply, from Finland's birchen groves exiled,
Manly in thought, in simple ways a child,
His white hair floating round his visage mild,

The Swedish pastor sought the Quaker's door,
Pleased from his neighbor's lips to hear once more
His long-disused and half-forgotten lore.

For both could baffle Babel's lingual curse,
And speak in Bion's Doric, and rehearse
Cleanthes' hymn or Virgil's sounding verse.

And oft Pastorius and the meek old man
Argued as Quaker and as Lutheran,
Ending in Christian love, as they began.

With lettered Lloyd on pleasant morns he strayed
Where Sommerhausen over vales of shade
Looked miles away, by every flower delayed,

Or song of bird, happy and free with one
Who loved, like him, to let his memory run
Over old fields of learning, and to sun

Himself in Plato's wise philosophies,
And dream with Philo over mysteries
Whereof the dreamer never finds the keys ;

To touch all themes of thought, nor weakly stop
For doubt of truth, but let the buckets drop
Deep down and bring the hidden waters up.⁴

For there was freedom in that wakening time
Of tender souls ; to differ was not crime ;
The varying bells made up the perfect chime.

On lips unlike was laid the altar's coal,
The white, clear light, tradition-colored, stole
Through the stained oriel of each human soul.

Gathered from many sects, the Quaker brought
His old beliefs, adjusting to the thought
That moved his soul the creed his fathers taught.

One faith alone, so broad that all mankind
Within themselves its secret witness find,
The soul's communion with the Eternal Mind,

The Spirit's law, the Inward Rule and Guide,
Scholar and peasant, lord and serf, allied,
The polished Penn and Cromwell's Ironside.

As still in Hemskerck's Quaker Meeting,⁵ face
By face in Flemish detail, we may trace
How loose-mouthed boor and fine ancestral grace

Sat in close contrast, — the clipt-headed churl,
Broad market-dame, and simple serving-girl
By skirt of silk and periwig in curl!

For soul touched soul; the spiritual treasure-trove
Made all men equal, none could rise above
Nor sink below that level of God's love.

So, with his rustic neighbors sitting down,
The homespun frock beside the scholar's gown,
Pastorius to the manners of the town

Added the freedom of the woods, and sought
The bookless wisdom by experience taught,
And learned to love his new-found home, while not

Forgetful of the old ; the seasons went
Their rounds, and somewhat to his spirit lent
Of their own calm and measureless content.

Glad even to tears, he heard the robin sing
His song of welcome to the Western spring,
And bluebird borrowing from the sky his wing.

And when the miracle of autumn came,
And all the woods with many-colored flame
Of splendor, making summer's greenness tame,
Burned, unconsumed, a voice without a sound
Spoke to him from each kindled bush around,
And made the strange, new landscape holy ground !

And when the bitter north-wind, keen and swift,
Swept the white street and piled the dooryard drift,
He exercised, as Friends might say, his gift

Of verse, Dutch, English, Latin, like the hash
Of corn and beans in Indian succotash ;
Dull, doubtless, but with here and there a flash,

Of wit and fine conceit, — the good man's play
Of quiet fancies, meet to while away
The slow hours measuring off an idle day.

At evening, while his wife put on her look
Of love's endurance, from its niche he took
The written pages of his ponderous book,

And read, in half the languages of man,
His 'Rusca Apium,' which with bees began,
And through the gamut of creation ran.

Or, now and then, the missive of some friend
In gray Altorf or storied Nürnberg penned
Dropped in upon him like a guest to spend

The night beneath his roof-tree. Mystical
The fair Von Merlau spake as waters fall
And voices sound in dreams, and yet withal

Human, and sweet, as if each far, low tone,
Over the roses of her gardens blown,
Brought the warm sense of beauty all her own.

Wise Spener questioned what his friend could trace
Of spiritual influx or of saving grace
In the wild natures of the Indian race.

And learned Schurmberg, fain, at times, to look
From Talmud, Koran, Veds, and Pentateuch,
Sought out his pupil in his far-off nook,

To query with him of climatic change,
Of bird, beast, reptile, in his forest range,
Of flowers and fruits and simples new and strange.

And thus the Old and New World reached their hands
Across the water, and the friendly lands
Talked with each other from their severed strands.

Pastorius answered all : while seed and root
Sent from his new home grew to flower and fruit
Along the Rhine and at the Spessart's foot ;

And, in return, the flowers his boyhood knew
Smiled at his door, the same in form and hue,
And on his vines the Rhenish clusters grew.

No idler he ; whoever else might shirk,
He set his hand to every honest work, —
Farmer and teacher, court and meeting clerk.

Still on the town seal his device is found,
Grapes, flax, and thread-spool on a trefoil ground,
With "VINUM, LINUM ET TEXTRINUM" wound.

One house sufficed for gospel and for law,
Where Paul and Grotius, Scripture text and saw,
Assured the good, and held the rest in awe.

Whatever legal maze he wandered through,
He kept the Sermon on the Mount in view,
And justice always into mercy grew.

No whipping-post he needed, stocks, nor jail,
Nor ducking-stool ; the orchard-thief grew pale
At his rebuke, the vixen ceased to rail,

The usurer's grasp released the forfeit land ;
The slanderer faltered at the witness-stand,
And all men took his counsel for command.

Was it caressing air, the brooding love
Of tenderer skies than German land knew of,
Green calm below, blue quietness above,

Still flow of water, deep repose of wood
That, with a sense of loving Fatherhood
And childlike trust in the Eternal Good,

Softened all hearts, and dulled the edge of hate,
Hushed strife, and taught impatient zeal to wait
The slow assurance of the better state ?

Who knows what goadings in their sterner way
O'er jagged ice, relieved by granite gray,
Blew round the men of Massachusetts Bay ?

What hate of heresy the east-wind woke ?
What hints of pitiless power and terror spoke
In waves that on their iron coast-line broke ?

Be it as it may : within the Land of Penn
The sectary yielded to the citizen,
And peaceful dwelt the many-creeded men.

Peace brooded over all. No trumpet stung
The air to madness, and no steeple flung
Alarums down from bells at midnight rung.

The land slept well. The Indian from his face
Washed all his war-paint off, and in the place
Of battle-marches sped the peaceful chase,

Or wrought for wages at the white man's side,—
Giving to kindness what his native pride
And lazy freedom to all else denied.

And well the curious scholar loved the old
Traditions that his swarthy neighbors told
By wigwam-fires when nights were growing cold,
Discerned the fact round which their fancy drew
Its dreams, and held their childish faith more true
To God and man than half the creeds he knew.⁶

The desert blossomed round him ; wheat-fields rolled
Beneath the warm wind waves of green and gold ;
The planted ear returned its hundred-fold.

Great clusters ripened in a warmer sun
Than that which by the Rhine stream shines upon
The purpling hillsides with low vines o'errun.

About each rustic porch the humming-bird
Tried with light bill, that scarce a petal stirred,
The Old World flowers to virgin soil transferred ;

And the first-fruits of pear and apple, bending
The young boughs down, their gold and russet blending,
Made glad his heart, familiar odors lending

To the fresh fragrance of the birch and pine,
Life-everlasting, bay, and eglantine,
And all the subtle scents the woods combine.

Fair First-Day mornings, steeped in summer calm
Warm, tender, restful, sweet with woodland balm,
Came to him, like some mother-hallowed psalm

To the tired grinder at the noisy wheel
Of labor, winding off from memory's reel
A golden thread of music. With no peal

Of bells to call them to the house of praise,
The scattered settlers through green forest-ways
Walked meeting-ward. In reverent amaze

The Indian trapper saw them, from the dim
Shade of the alders on the rivulet's rim,
Seek the Great Spirit's house to talk with Him.

There, through the gathered stillness multiplied
And made intense by sympathy, outside
The sparrows sang, and the gold-robin cried,

A-swing upon his elm. A faint perfume
Breathed through the open windows of the room
From locust-trees, heavy with clustered bloom.

Thither, perchance, sore-tried confessors came,
Whose fervor jail nor pillory could tame,
Proud of the cropped ears meant to be their shame,

Men who had eaten slavery's bitter bread
In Indian isles ; pale women who had bled
Under the hangman's lash, and bravely said

God's message through their prison's iron bars ;
And gray old soldier-converts, seamed with scars
From every stricken field of England's wars.

Lowly before the Unseen Presence knelt
Each waiting heart, till haply some one felt
On his moved lips the seal of silence melt.

Or, without spoken words, low breathings stole
Of a diviner life from soul to soul,
Baptizing in one tender thought the whole.

When shaken hands announced the meeting o'er,
The friendly group still lingered at the door,
Greeting, inquiring, sharing all the store

Of weekly tidings. Meanwhile youth and maid
Down the green vistas of the woodland strayed,
Whispered and smiled and oft their feet delayed.

Did the boy's whistle answer back the thrushes?
Did light girl laughter ripple through the bushes,
As brooks make merry over roots and rushes?

Unvexed the sweet air seemed. Without a wound
The ear of silence heard, and every sound
Its place in nature's fine accordance found.

And solemn meeting, summer sky and wood,
Old kindly faces, youth and maidenhood
Seemed, like God's new creation, very good!

And, greeting all with quiet smile and word,
Pastorius went his way. The unscared bird
Sang at his side; scarcely the squirrel stirred

At his hushed footstep on the mossy sod;
And, wheresoe'er the good man looked or trod,
He felt the peace of nature and of God.

His social life wore no ascetic form,
He loved all beauty, without fear of harm,
And in his veins his Teuton blood ran warm.

Strict to himself, of other men no spy,
He made his own no circuit-judge to try
The freer conscience of his neighbors by.

With love rebuking, by his life alone,
Gracious and sweet, the better way was shown,
The joy of one, who, seeking not his own,

And faithful to all scruples, finds at last
The thorns and shards of duty overpast,
And daily life, beyond his hope's forecast,

Pleasant and beautiful with sight and sound,
And flowers upspringing in its narrow round,
And all his days with quiet gladness crowned.

He sang not ; but, if sometimes tempted strong,
He hummed what seemed like Altorf's Burschen-song,
His good wife smiled, and did not count it wrong.

For well he loved his boyhood's brother band ;
His Memory, while he trod the New World's strand,
A double-ganger walked the Fatherland !

If, when on frosty Christmas eves the light
Shone on his quiet hearth, he missed the sight
Of Yule-log, Tree, and Christ-child all in white ;

And closed his eyes, and listened to the sweet
Old wait-songs sounding down his native street,
And watched again the dancers' mingling feet ;

Yet not the less, when once the vision passed,
He held the plain and sober maxims fast
Of the dear Friends with whom his lot was cast.

Still all attuned to nature's melodies,
He loved the bird's song in his dooryard trees,
And the low hum of home-returning bees ;

The blossomed flax, the tulip-trees in bloom
Down the long street, the beauty and perfume
Of apple-boughs, the mingling light and gloom

Of Sommerhausen's woodlands, woven through
With sun-threads ; and the music the wind drew,
Mournful and sweet, from leaves it over-blew.

And evermore, beneath this outward sense,
And through the common sequence of events,
He felt the guiding hand of Providence

Reach out of space. A Voice spake in his ear,
And lo ! all other voices far and near
Died at that whisper, full of meanings clear.

The Light of Life shone round him ; one by one
The wandering lights, that all-misleading run,
Went out like candles paling in the sun.

That Light he followed, step by step, where'er
It led, as in the vision of the seer
The wheels moved as the spirit in the clear

And terrible crystal moved, with all their eyes
Watching the living splendor sink or rise,
Its will their will, knowing no otherwise.

Within himself he found the law of right,
He walked by faith and not the letter's sight,
And read his Bible by the Inward Light.

And if sometimes the slaves of form and rule,
Frozen in their creeds like fish in winter's pool,
Tried the large tolerance of his liberal school,

His door was free to men of every name,
He welcomed all the seeking souls who came,
And no man's faith he made a cause of blame.

But best he loved in leisure hours to see
His own dear Friends sit by him knee to knee,
In social converse, genial, frank, and free.

There sometimes silence (it were hard to tell
Who owned it first) upon the circle fell,
Hushed Anna's busy wheel, and laid its spell

On the black boy who grimaced by the hearth,
To solemnize his shining face of mirth ;
Only the old clock ticked amidst the dearth

Of sound ; nor eye was raised nor hand was stirred
In that soul-sabbath, till at last some word
Of tender counsel or low prayer was heard.

Then guests, who lingered but farewell to say
And take love's message, went their homeward way ;
So passed in peace the guileless Quaker's day.

His was the Christian's unsung Age of Gold,
A truer idyl than the bards have told
Of Arno's banks or Arcady of old.

Where still the Friends their place of burial keep,
And century-rooted mosses o'er it creep,
The Nürnberg scholar and his helpmeet sleep.

And Anna's aloe? If it flowered at last
In Bartram's garden, did John Woolman cast
A glance upon it as he meekly passed?

And did a secret sympathy possess
That tender soul, and for the slave's redress
Lend hope, strength, patience? It were vain to
guess.

Nay, were the plant itself but mythical,
Set in the fresco of tradition's wall
Like Jotham's bramble, mattereth not at all.

Enough to know that, through the winter's frost
And summer's heat, no seed of truth is lost,
And every duty pays at last its cost.

For, ere Pastorius left the sun and air,
God sent the answer to his lifelong prayer ;
The child was born beside the Delaware,
Who, in the power a holy purpose lends,
Guided his people unto nobler ends,
And left them worthier of the name of Friends.

And lo ! the fulness of the time has come,
And over all the exile's Western home,
From sea to sea the flowers of freedom bloom !

And joy-bells ring, and silver trumpets blow ;
But not for thee, Pastorius ! Even so
The world forgets, but the wise angels know.



NOTES,

¹ Eleonora Johanna Von Merlau, or, as Sewall the Quaker Historian gives it, Von Merlane, a noble young lady of Frankfort, seems to have held among the Mystics of that city very much such a position as Annia Maria Schurmaus did among the Labadists of Holland. William Penn appears to have shared the admiration of her own immediate circle for this accomplished and gifted lady.

² Magister Johann Kelpius, a graduate of the University of Helmstadt, came to Pennsylvania in 1694, with a company of German Mystics. They made their home in the woods on the Wissahickon, a little west of the Quaker settlement of Germantown. Kelpius was a believer in the near approach of the Millennium, and was a devout student of the Book of Revelation, and the *Morgen-Rothe* of Jacob Behmen. He called his settlement "The Woman in the Wilderness" (*Das Weib in der Wueste*). He was only twenty-four years of age when he came to America, but his gravity, learning, and devotion placed him at the head of the settlement. He disliked the Quakers, because he thought they were too exclusive in the matter of ministers. He was, like most of the Mystics, opposed to the severe doctrinal views of Calvin and even Luther, declaring "that he could as little agree with the *Damnatus* of the Augsburg Confession as with the *Anathema* of the Council of Trent."

He died in 1704, sitting in his little garden surrounded by his grieving disciples. Previous to his death it is said that he cast his famous "Stone of Wisdom" into the river, where that mystic souvenir of the times of Van Helmont, Paracelsus, and Agrippa has lain ever since, undisturbed.

³ Peter Sluyter, or Schluter, a native of Wesel, united himself with the sect of Labadists, who believed in the Divine commission of John De Labadie, a Roman Catholic priest converted to Protestantism enthusiastic, eloquent, and evidently sincere in his special calling and

election to separate the true and living members of the Church of Christ from the formalism and hypocrisy of the ruling sects. George Keith and Robert Barclay visited him at Amsterdam and afterward at the communities of Herford and Wieward; and, according to Gerard Croes, found him so near to them on some points, that they offered to take him into the Society of Friends. This offer, if it was really made, which is certainly doubtful, was, happily for the Friends at least, declined. Invited to Herford in Westphalia by Elizabeth, daughter of the Elector Palatine, De Labadie and his followers preached incessantly, and succeeded in arousing a wild enthusiasm among the people, who neglected their business and gave way to excitements and strange practices. Men and women, it was said, at the Communion drank and danced together, and private marriages, or spiritual unions, were formed. Labadie died in 1674 at Altona, in Denmark, maintaining his testimonies to the last. "Nothing remains for me," he said, "except to go to my God. Death is merely ascending from a lower and narrower chamber to one higher and holier."

In 1679 Peter Sluyter and Jasper Dankers were sent to America by the community at the Castle of Wieward. Their journal, translated from the Dutch and edited by Henry C. Murphy, has been recently published by the Long Island Historical Society. They made some converts, and among them was the eldest son of Hermanns, the proprietor of a rich tract of land at the head of Chesapeake Bay, known as Bohemia Manor. Sluyter obtained a grant of this tract, and established upon it a community numbering at one time a hundred souls. Very contradictory statements are on record regarding his headship of this spiritual family, the discipline of which seems to have been of more than monastic severity. Certain it is that he bought and sold slaves, and manifested more interest in the world's goods than became a believer in the near Millennium. He evinces in his journal an overweening spiritual pride, and speaks contemptuously of other professors, especially the Quakers whom he met in his travels. The latter, on the contrary, seem to have looked favorably upon the Labadists, and uniformly speak of them courteously and kindly. His journal shows him to have been destitute of common gratitude and Christian charity. He threw himself upon the generous hospitality of the Friends wherever he went, and repaid their kindness by the coarsest abuse and misrepresentation.

4 Among the pioneer Friends were many men of learning and broad and liberal views. Penn was conversant with every department of literature and philosophy. Thomas Lloyd was a ripe and rare scholar. The great Loganian Library of Philadelphia bears witness to the varied learning and classical taste of its donor, James Logan. Thomas Story, member of the Council of State, Master of the Rolls, and Commissioner of Claims under William Penn, and an able minister of his Society, took a deep interest in scientific questions, and in a letter to his friend Logan, written while on a religious visit to Great Britain, seems to have anticipated the conclusion of modern geologists. "I spent," he says, "some months, especially at Scarborough, during the season attending meetings, at whose high cliffs and the variety of strata therein and their several positions I further learned and was confirmed in some things, — that the earth is of much older date as to the beginning of it than the time assigned in the Holy Scriptures as commonly understood, which is suited to the common capacities of mankind, as to six days of progressive work, by which I understand certain long and competent periods of time, and not natural days." It was sometimes made a matter of reproach by the Anabaptists and other sects, that the Quakers read profane writings and philosophies, and that they quoted heathen moralists in support of their views. Sluyter and Dankers, in their journal of American travels, visiting a Quaker preacher's house at Burlington, on the Delaware, found "a volume of Virgil lying on the window, as if it were a common hand-book; also Helmont's book on Medicine (*Ortus Medicinæ, id est Initia Physica inaudita progressus medicinæ novus in morborum ultionam ad vitam longam*), whom, in an introduction they have made to it, they make to pass for one of their own sect, although in his lifetime he did not know anything about Quakers." It would appear from this that the half-mystical, half-scientific writings of the alchemist and philosopher ofilverde had not escaped the notice of Friends, and that they had included him in their broad eclecticism.

5 "The Quaker's Meeting," a painting by E. Hemskerck (supposed to be Egbert Hemskerck the younger, son of Egbert Hemskerck the old), in which William Penn and others — among them Charles II., or the Duke of York — are represented along with the rudest and most stolid class of the British rural population at that period. Hemskerck came to London from Holland with King William in 1689. He

delighted in wild, grotesque subjects, such as the nocturnal intercourse of witches and the temptation of St. Anthony. Whatever was strange and uncommon attracted his free pencil. Judging from the portrait of Penn, he must have drawn his faces, figures, and costumes from life, although there may be something of caricature in the convulsed attitudes of two or three of the figures.

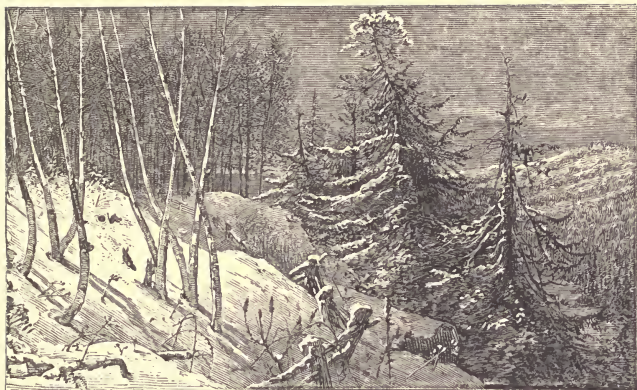
⁶ In one of his letters addressed to his friends in Germany he says: "These wild men, who never in their life heard Christ's teachings about temperance and contentment, herein far surpass the Christians. They live far more contented and unconcerned for the morrow. They do not overreach in trade. They know nothing of our everlasting pomp and stylishness. They neither curse nor swear, are temperate in food and drink, and if any of them get drunk, the mouth-Christians are at fault, who, for the sake of accursed lucre, sell them strong drink."

Again he wrote in 1698 to his father that he finds the Indians reasonable people, willing to accept good teaching and manners, evincing an inward piety toward God, and more eager, in fact, to understand things divine than many among you who in the pulpit teach Christ in word, but by ungodly life deny him.

"It is evident," says Professor Seideustecker, "Pastorius holds up the Indian as Nature's unspoiled child to the eyes of the 'European Babel,' somewhat after the same manner in which Tacitus used the barbarian *Germani* to shame his degenerate countrymen."

As believers in the universality of the Saving Light, the outlook of early Friends upon the heathen was a very cheerful and hopeful one. God was as near to them as to Jew or Anglo-Saxon; as accessible at Timbuctoo as at Rome or Geneva. Not the letter of Scripture, but the spirit which dictated it, was of saving efficacy. Robert Barclay is nowhere more powerful than in his argument for the salvation of the heathen, who live according to their light, without knowing even the name of Christ. William Penn thought Socrates as good a Christian as Richard Baxter. Early Fathers of the Church, as Origen and Justin Martyr, held broader views on this point than modern Evangelicals. Even Augustine, from whom Calvin borrowed his theology, admits that he has no controversy with the admirable philosophers, Plato and Plotinus. "Nor do I think," he says in *De Civ. Dei.*, lib. xviii., cap. 47, "that the Jews dare affirm that none belonged unto God but the Israelites."

MISCELLANEOUS.



THE PAGEANT.

A SOUND as if from bells of silver,
Or elfin cymbals smitten clear,
Through the frost-pictured panes I hear.

A brightness which outshines the morning,
A splendor brooking no delay,
Beckons and tempts my feet away.

I leave the trodden village highway
For virgin snow-paths glimmering through
A jewelled elm-tree avenue ;

Where, keen against the walls of sapphire,
The gleaming tree-bolls, ice-embossed,
Hold up their chandeliers of frost.

I tread in Orient halls enchanted,
I dream the Saga's dream of caves
Gem-lit beneath the North Sea waves !

I walk the land of Eldorado,
I touch its mimic garden bowers,
Its silver leaves and diamond flowers !

The flora of the mystic mine-world
Around me lifts on crystal stems
The petals of its clustered gems !



What miracle of weird transforming
Is this wild work of frost and light,
This glimpse of glory infinite!

This foregleam of the Holy City
Like that to him of Patmos given,
The white bride coming down from heaven!

How flash the ranked and mail-clad alders,
Through what sharp-glancing spears of reeds
The brook its muffled water leads!

Yon maple, like the bush of Horeb,
Burns unconsumed: a white, cold fire
Rays out from every grassy spire.

Each slender rush and spike of mullein,
Low laurel shrub and drooping fern,
Transfigured, blaze where'er I turn.

How yonder, Ethiopian hemlock
Crowned with his glistening circlet stands!
What jewels light his swarthy hands!

Here, where the forest opens southward,
Between its hospitable pines,
As through a door, the warm sun shines.

The jewels loosen on the branches,
And lightly, as the soft winds blow,
Fall, tinkling, on the ice below.

And through the clashing of their cymbals
I hear the old familiar fall
Of water down the rocky wall,

Where, from its wintry prison breaking,
In dark and silence hidden long,
The brook repeats its summer song.

One instant flashing in the sunshine,
Keen as a sabre from its sheath,
Then lost again the ice beneath.

I hear the rabbit lightly leaping,
The foolish screaming of the jay,
The chopper's axe-stroke far away ;

The clamor of some neighboring barn-yard,
The lazy cock's belated crow,
Or cattle-tramp in crispy snow.

And, as in some enchanted forest
The lost knight hears his comrades sing,
And, near at hand, their bridles ring,

So welcome I these sounds and voices,
These airs from far-off summer blown;
This life that leaves me not alone.

For the white glory overawes me ;
The crystal terror of the seer
Of Chebar's vision blinds me here.

Rebuke me not, O sapphire heaven !
Thou stainless earth, lay not on me
Thy keen reproach of purity,

If, in this august presence-chamber,
I sigh for summer's leaf-green gloom
And warm airs thick with odorous bloom !

Let the strange frost-work sink and crumble,
And let the loosened tree-boughs swing,
Till all their bells of silver ring.

Shine warmly down, thou sun of noontime,
On this chill pageant, melt and move
The winter's frozen heart with love.

And, soft and low, thou wind south-blowing,
Breathe through a veil of tenderest haze
Thy prophecy of summer days.

Come with thy green relief of promise,
And to this dead, cold splendor bring
The living jewels of the spring!



THE SINGER.

YEARS since (but names to me before),
Two sisters sought at eve my door ;
Two song-birds wandering from their nest,
A gray old farm-house in the West.

How fresh of life the younger one,
Half smiles, half tears, like rain in sun !
Her gravest mood could scarce displace
The dimples of her nut-brown face.

Wit sparkled on her lips not less
For quick and tremulous tenderness ;
And, following close her merriest glance,
Dreamed through her eyes the heart's romance.

Timid and still, the elder had
Even then a smile too sweetly sad ;
The crown of pain that all must wear
Too early pressed her midnight hair.

Yet ere the summer eve grew long,
Her modest lips were sweet with song ;
A memory haunted all her words
Of clover-fields and singing birds.

Her dark, dilating eyes expressed
The broad horizons of the west ;
Her speech dropped prairie flowers ; the gold
Of harvest wheat about her rolled.

Fore-doomed to song she seemed to me :
I queried not with destiny :
I knew the trial and the need,
Yet, all the more, I said, God speed !

What could I other than I did?
Could I a singing-bird forbid?
Deny the wind-stirred leaf? Rebuke
The music of the forest brook?

She went with morning from my door,
But left me richer than before:
Thenceforth I knew her voice of cheer,
The welcome of her partial ear.

Years passed: through all the land her name
A pleasant household word became:
All felt behind the singer stood
A sweet and gracious womanhood.

Her life was earnest work, not play;
Her tired feet climbed a weary way;
And even through her lightest strain
We heard an undertone of pain.

Unseen of her her fair fame grew,
The good she did she rarely knew,
Ungessed of her in life the love
That rained its tears her grave above.

When last I saw her, full of peace,
She waited for her great release ;
And that old friend so sage and bland,
Our later Franklin, held her hand.

For all that patriot bosoms stirs
Had moved that woman's heart of hers,
And men who toiled in storm and sun
Found her their meet companion.

Our converse, from her suffering bed
To healthful themes of life she led ;
The out-door world of bud and bloom
And light and sweetness filled her room.

Yet evermore an underthought
Of loss to come within us wrought,
And all the while we felt the strain
Of the strong will that conquered pain.

God giveth quietness at last!
The common way that all have passed
She went, with mortal yearnings fond,
To fuller life and love beyond.

Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,
My dear ones! Give the singer place!
To you, to her,—I know not where,—
I lift the silence of a prayer.

For only thus our own we find ;
The gone before, the left behind,
All mortal voices die between ;
The unheard reaches the unseen.



Again the blackbirds sing ; the streams
Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams,
And tremble in the April showers
The tassels of the maple flowers.

But not for her has spring renewed
The sweet surprises of the wood ;
And bird and flower are lost to her
Who was their best interpreter !

What to shut eyes has God revealed?
What hear the ears that death has sealed?
What undreamed beauty passing show
Requites the loss of all we know?

O silent land, to which we move,
Enough if there alone be love,
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow!

O white soul! from that far-off shore
Float some sweet song the waters o'er,
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,
With the old voice we loved so well!

CHICAGO.

MEN said at vespers: "All is well!"
In one wild night the city fell;
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone,
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none.
Men clasped each other's hands, and said:
"The City of the West is dead!"

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat,
The fiends of fire from street to street,
Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare,
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire
That signalled round that sea of fire ;
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs came ;
In tears of pity died the flame !

From East, from West, from South and North,
The messages of hope shot forth,
And, underneath the severing wave,
The world, full-handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old ; but fairer still
The new, the dreary void shall fill
With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,
For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city ! — from thee throw
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe ;
And build, as to Amphion's strain,
To songs of cheer thy walls again !

How shrivelled in thy hot distress
The primal sin of selfishness !
How instant rose, to take thy part,
The angel in the human heart !

Ah ! not in vain the flames that tossed
Above thy dreadful holocaust ;
The Christ again has preached through thee
The Gospel of Humanity !

Then lift once more thy towers on high,
And fret with spires the western sky,
To tell that God is yet with us,
And love is still miraculous !

MY BIRTHDAY.

BENEATH the moonlight and the snow
Lies dead my latest year ;
The winter winds are wailing low
Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind
As if a loss befell ;
Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well !

His light shines on me from above,
His low voice speaks within, —
The patience of immortal love
Outwearying mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years
Of care and loss and pain,
My eyes are wet with thankful tears
For blessings which remain.

If dim the gold of life has grown,
I will not count it dross,
Nor turn from treasures still my own
To sigh for lack and loss.

The years no charm from Nature take ;
As sweet her voices call,
As beautiful her mornings break,
As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways,
Kind voices speak my name,
And lips that find it hard to praise
Are slow, at least, to blame.

How softly ebb the tides of will!

How fields, once lost or won,
Now lie behind me green and still
Beneath a level sun!

How hushed the hiss of party hate,

The clamor of the throng!

How old, harsh voices of debate

Flow into rhythmic song!

Methinks the spirit's temper grows

Too soft in this still air;

Somewhat the restful heart foregoes

Of needed watch and prayer.

The bark by tempest vainly tossed

May founder in the calm,

And he who braved the polar frost

Faint by the isles of balm.

Better than self-indulgent years
The outflung heart of youth,
Than pleasant songs in idle years
The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hands is good,
And love for hearts that pine,
But let the manly habitude
Of upright souls be mine.

Let winds that blow from heaven refresh,
Dear Lord, the languid air ;
And let the weakness of the flesh
Thy strength of spirit share.

And, if the eye must fail of light,
The ear forget to hear, *
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,
More fine the inward ear !

Be near me in mine hours of need
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,
And down these slopes of sunset lead
As up the hills of morn!

THE BREWING OF SOMA.

“These libations mixed with milk have been prepared for Indra : offer Soma to the drinker of Soma.”—VASHISTA, Trans. by MAX MÜLLER.

THE fagots blazed, the caldron's smoke

Up through the green wood curled ;

“Bring honey from the hollow oak,

Bring milky sap,” the brewers spoke,

In the childhood of the world.

And brewed they well or brewed they ill,

The priests thrust in their rods,

First tasted, and then drank their fill,

And shouted, with one voice and will,

“Behold the drink of gods !”

They drank, and lo! in heart and brain

A new, glad life began;

The gray of hair grew young again,

The sick man laughed away his pain,

The cripple leaped and ran.

“Drink, mortals, what the gods have sent,

Forget your long annoy.”

So sang the priests. From tent to tent

The Soma's sacred madness went,

A storm of drunken joy.

Then knew each rapt inebriate

A winged and glorious birth,

Soared upward, with strange joy elate,

Beat, with dazed head, Varuna's gate,

And, sobered, sank to earth.

The land with Soma's praises rang ;

On Gihon's banks of shade

Its hymns the dusky maidens sang ;

In joy of life or mortal pang

All men to Soma prayed.

The morning twilight of the race

Sends down these matin psalms ;

And still with wondering eyes we trace

The simple prayers to Soma's grace,

That Vedic verse embalms.

As in that child-world's early year,

Each after age has striven

By music, incense, vigils drear,

And trance, to bring the skies more near,

Or lift men up to heaven!—

Some fever of the blood and brain,
Some self-exalting spell,
The scourger's keen delight of pain,
The Dervish dance, the Orphic strain,
The wild-haired Bacchant's yell, —

The desert's hair-grown hermit sunk
The saner brute below ;
The naked Santon, hashish-drunk,
The cloister madness of the monk,
The fakir's torture-show !

And yet the past comes round again,
And new doth old fulfil ;
In sensual transports wild as vain
We brew in many a Christian fane
The heathen Soma still !

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,

Forgive our foolish ways!

Reclothe us in our rightful mind,

In purer lives thy service find,

In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard

Beside the Syrian sea

The gracious calling of the Lord,

Let us, like them, without a word,

Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!

O calm of hills above,

Where Jesus knelt to share with thee

The silence of eternity

Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of thy call,
As noiseless let thy blessing fall
As fell thy manna down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease ;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm ;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire ;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still, small voice of calm !

A WOMAN.

O, DWARFED and wronged, and stained with ill,

Behold ! thou art a woman still !

And, by that sacred name and dear,

I bid thy better self appear.

Still, through thy foul disguise, I see

The rudimental purity,

That, spite of change and loss, makes good

Thy birthright-claim of womanhood ;

An inward loathing, deep, intense ;

A shame that is half innocence.

Cast off the grave-clothes of thy sin !

Rise from the dust thou liest in,

As Mary rose at Jesus' word,

Redeemed and white before the Lord !

Reclaim thy lost soul ! In His name,
Rise up, and break thy bonds of shame,
Art weak ? He's strong. Art fearful ? Hear
The world's O'ercomer : " Be of cheer !"
What lip shall judge when He approves ?
Who dare to scorn the child he loves ?

DISARMAMENT.

“ PUT up the sword ! ” The voice of Christ once more
Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon’s roar,
O’er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped
And left dry ashes ; over trenches heaped
With nameless dead ; o’er cities starving slow
Under a rain of fire ; through wards of woe
Down which a groaning diapason runs .
From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers, sons
Of desolate women in their far-off homes,
Waiting to hear the step that never comes !
O men and brothers ! let that voice be heard.
War fails, try peace ; put up the useless sword !
Fear not the end. There is a story told
In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold,

And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
With grave responses listening unto it :
Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
“O son of peace!” the giant cried, “thy fate
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate.”
The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace
Of fear or anger, in the monster’s face,
In pity said: “Poor fiend, even thee I love.”
Lo! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank
To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence shrank
Into the form and fashion of a dove;
And where the thunder of its rage was heard,
Circling above him sweetly sang the bird:
“Hate hath no harm for love,” so ran the song;
“And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong!”

THE ROBIN.

My old Welch neighbor over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

“Nay!” said the grandmother; “have you not heard,
My poor, bad boy! of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?”

“He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin :
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

“My poor Bron rhuddyn ! my breast-burned bird,
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of Our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like Him !”

“Amen !” I said to the beautiful myth ;
“Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well :
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

“Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of Our Lord are all
Who suffer like Him in the good they do !”

THE SISTERS.

ANNIE and Rhoda, sisters twain,
Woke in the night to the sound of rain,
The rush of wind, the ramp and roar
Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.

Annie rose up in her bed-gown white,
And looked out into the storm and night.

“Hush, and hearken!” she cried in fear,
“Hearest thou nothing, sister dear?”

“I hear the sea, and the plash of rain,
And roar of the northeast hurricane.

“Get thee back to the bed so warm,
No good comes of watching a storm.

“What is it to thee, I fain would know,
That waves are roaring and wild winds blow?

“No lover of thine’s afloat to miss
The harbor-lights on a night like this.”

“But I heard a voice cry out my name,
Up from the sea on the wind it came!

“Twice and thrice have I heard it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!”

On her pillow the sister tossed her head.
“Hall of the Heron is safe,” she said.

“In the tautest schooner that ever swam
He rides at anchor in Anisquam.

“And, if in peril from swamping sea
Or lee shore rocks, would he call on thee?”

But the girl heard only the wind and tide,
And wringing her small white hands, she cried :

“O sister Rhoda, there’s something wrong ;
I hear it again, so loud and long.

“‘Annie! Annie!’ I hear it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!”

Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame,
“Thou liest! He never would call thy name!

“If he did, I would pray the wind and sea
To keep him forever from thee and me!”

Then out of the sea blew a dreadful blast ;
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.

The young girl hushed on her lips a groan,
But through her tears a strange light shone,—

The solemn joy of her heart's release
To own and cherish its love in peace.

“Dearest!” she whispered, under breath,
“Life was a lie, but true is death.

“The love I hid from myself away
Shall crown me now in the light of day.

“My ears shall never to wooer list,
Never by lover my lips be kissed.

“Sacred to thee am I henceforth,
Thou in heaven and I on earth!”

She came and stood by her sister's bed:

“Hall of the Heron is dead!” she said.

“The wind and the waves their work have done,
We shall see him no more beneath the sun.

“Little will reck that heart of thine,
It loved him not with a love like mine.

“I, for his sake, were he but here,
Could hem and 'broider thy bridal gear,

“Though hands should tremble and eyes be wet,
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.

“But now my soul with his soul I wed ;
Thine the living, and mine the dead !”



MARGUERITE.

MASSACHUSETTS BAY, 1760.

THE robins sang in the orchard, the buds into
blossoms grew ;

Little of human sorrow the buds and the robins knew !

Sick, in an alien household, the poor French neutral
lay ;

Into her lonesome garret fell the light of the April day.

Through the dusty window, curtained by the spider's
warp and woof,

On the loose-laid floor of hemlock, on oaken ribs of
roof.

The bedquilt's faded patchwork, the teacups on the
the stand,

The wheel with flaxen tangle, as it dropped from
her sick hand!

What to her was the song of the robin, or warm
morning light,

As she lay in the trance of the dying, heedless of
sound or sight?

Done was the work of her hands, she had eaten
her bitter bread;

The world of the alien people lay behind her dim
and dead.

But her soul went back to its child-time; she saw
the sun o'erflow

With gold the basin of Minas, and set over Gasperau;

The low, bare flats at ebb-tide, the rush of the sea
at flood,

Through inlet and creek and river, from dike to
upland wood ;

The gulls in the red of morning, the fish-hawk's
rise and fall,

The drift of the fog in moonshine, over the dark
coast-wall.

She saw the face of her mother, she heard the song
she sang ;

And far off, faintly, slowly, the bell for vespers rang !

By her bed the hard-faced mistress sat, smoothing
the wrinkled sheet,

Peering into the face, so helpless, and feeling the
ice-cold feet.

With a vague remorse atoning for her greed and
long abuse,

By care no longer heeded and pity too late for use.

Up the stairs of the garret softly the son of the
mistress stepped,

Leaned over the head-board, covering his face with
his hands, and wept.

Outspake the mother, who watched him sharply,
with brow a-frown :

“What! love you the Papist, the beggar, the charge
of the town?”

“Be she Papist or beggar who lies here, I know and
God knows

I love her, and fain would go with her wherever
she goes!

“O mother! that sweet face came pleading, for love
so athirst.

You saw but the town-charge; I knew her God’s
angel at first.”

Shaking her gray head, the mistress hushed down
a bitter cry;

And awed by the silence and shadow of death
drawing nigh,

She murmured a psalm of the Bible; but closer the
young girl pressed,

With the last of her life in her fingers, the cross to
her breast.

“My son, come away,” cried the mother, her voice
cruel grown.

“She is joined to her idols, like Ephraim; let her
alone!”

But he knelt with his hand on her forehead, his
lips to her ear,

And he called back the soul that was passing :

“ Marguerite, do you hear ? ”

She paused on the threshold of Heaven ; love, pity,
surprise,

Wistful, tender, lit up for an instant the cloud of
her eyes.

With his heart on his lips he kissed her, but never
her cheek grew red,

And the words the living long for he spake in the
ear of the dead.

And the robins sang in the orchard, where buds to
blossoms grew ;

Of the folded hands and the still face never the
robins knew !

KING VOLMER AND ELSIE.

AFTER THE DANISH OF CHRISTIAN WINTER.

WHERE, over heathen doom-rings and gray stones
of the Horg,
In its little Christian city stands the church of
Vordingborg,
In merry mood King Volmer sat, forgetful of his
power,
As idle as the Goose of Gold that brooded on his
tower.

Out spake the King to Henrik, his young and
faithful squire :

“ Dar’st trust thy little Elsie, the maid of thy desire ? ”

“ Of all the men in Denmark she loveth only me :

As true to me is Elsie as thy Lily is to thee.”

Loud laughed the king : "To-morrow shall bring
another day,*

When I myself will test her ; she will not say me
nay."

Thereat the lords and gallants, that round about
him stood,

Wagged all their heads in concert and smiled as
courtiers should.

The gray lark sings o'er Vordingborg, and on the
ancient town

From the tall tower of Valdemar the Golden Goose
looks down :

The yellow grain is waving in the pleasant wind
of morn,

The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare
of hunter's horn.

* A common saying of Valdemar ; hence his sobriquet *Alterday*.

In the garden of her father little Elsie sits and
spins,

And, singing with the early birds, her daily task
begins.

Gay tulips bloom and sweet mint curls around her
garden-bower,

But she is sweeter than the mint and fairer than
the flower.

About her form her kirtle blue clings lovingly, and,
white

As snow, her loose sleeves only leave her small,
round wrists in sight;

Below the modest petticoat can only half con-
ceal

The motion of the lightest foot that ever turned a
wheel.

The cat sits purring at her side, bees hum in sunshine warm ;

But, look ! she starts, she lifts her face, she shades it with her arm.

And, hark ! a train of horsemen, with sound of dog and horn,

Come leaping o'er the ditches, come trampling down the corn !

Merrily rang the bridle-reins, and scarf and plume streamed gay,

As fast beside her father's gate the riders held their way ;

And one was brave in scarlet cloak, with golden spur on heel,

And, as he checked his foaming steed, the maiden checked her wheel.

“All hail among thy roses, the fairest rose to
me!

For weary months in secret my heart has longed
for thee!”

What noble knight was this? What words for
modest maiden’s ear?

She dropped a lowly courtesy of bashfulness and
fear.

She lifted up her spinning-wheel; she fain would
seek the door,

Trembling in every limb, her cheek with blushes
crimsoned o’er.

“Nay, fear me not,” the rider said, “I offer heart
and hand,

Bear witness these good Danish knights who round
about me stand.

“I grant you time to think of this, to answer as
you may,

For to-morrow, little Elsie, shall bring another
day.”

He spake the old phrase slyly as, glancing round
his train,

He saw his merry followers seek to hide their
smiles in vain.

“The snow of pearls I’ll scatter in your curls of
golden hair,

I’ll line with furs the velvet of the kirtle that you
wear ;

All precious gems shall twine your neck ; and in a
chariot gay

You shall ride, my little Elsie, behind four steeds
of gray.

“And harps shall sound, and flutes shall play, and
brazen lamps shall glow ;

On marble floors your feet shall weave the dances
to and fro.

At frosty eventide for us the blazing hearth shall
shine,

While, at our ease, we play at draughts, and drink
the blood-red wine.”

Then Elsie raised her head and met her wooer face
to face ;

A roguish smile shone in her eye and on her lip
found place.

Back from her low white forehead the curls of gold
she threw,

And lifted up her eyes to his steady and clear and
blue.

“I am a lowly peasant, and you a gallant knight ;
I will not trust a love that soon may cool and turn
to slight.

If you would wed me henceforth be a peasant, not
a lord ;

I bid you hang upon the wall your tried and trusty
sword.”

“To please you, Elsie, I will lay keen Dynadel
away,

And in its place will swing the scythe and mow
your father’s hay.”

“Nay, but your gallant scarlet cloak my eyes can
never bear ;

A Vadmal coat, so plain and gray, is all that you
must wear.”

“Well, Vadmal will I wear for you,” the rider gayly
spoke,

“And on the Lord’s high altar I’ll lay my scarlet
cloak.”

“But mark,” she said, “no stately horse my peas-
ant love must ride,

A yoke of steers before the plough is all that he
must guide.”

The knight looked down upon his steed: “Well,
let him wander free:

No other man must ride the horse that has been
backed by me.

Henceforth I’ll tread the furrow and to my oxen
talk,

If only little Elsie beside my plough will walk.”

“You must take from out your cellar cask of wine
and flask and can ;

The homely mead I brew you may serve a peasant-man.”

“Most willingly, fair Elsie, I’ll drink that mead of
thine,

And leave my minstrel’s thirsty throat to drain my
generous wine.”

“Now break your shield asunder, and shatter sign
and boss,

Unmeet for peasant-wedded arms, your knightly
knee across.

And pull me down your castle from top to basement wall,

And let your plough trace furrows in the ruins of
your hall!”

Then smiled he with a lofty pride ; right well at
last he knew

The maiden of the spinning-wheel was to her troth-
plight true.

“ Ah, roguish little Elsie ! you act your part full
well :

You know that I must bear my shield and in my
castle dwell !

“ The lions ramping on that shield between the
hearts aflame

Keep watch o'er Denmark's honor, and guard her
ancient name.

For know that I am Volmer ; I dwell in yonder
towers,

Who ploughs them ploughs up Denmark, this goodly
home of ours !

“I tempt no more, fair Elsie! your heart I know
is true ;

Would God that all our maidens were good and
pure as you !

Well have you pleased your monarch, and he shall
well repay ;

God's peace ! Farewell ! To-morrow will bring an-
other day !”

He lifted up his bridle hand, he spurred his good
steed then,

And like a whirl-blast swept away with all his gal-
lant men.

The steel hoofs beat the rocky path ; again on
winds of morn

The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare
of hunter's horn.

“Thou true and ever faithful!” the listening Hen-
rik cried ;

And, leaping o'er the green hedge, he stood by
Elsie's side.

None saw the fond embracing, save, shining from
afar,

The Golden Goose that watched them from the
tower of Valdemar.

O darling girls of Denmark ! of all the flowers that
throng

Her vales of spring the fairest, I sing for you my
song.

No praise as yours so bravely rewards the singer's
skill ;

Thank God ! of maids like Elsie the land has plenty
still !



THE THREE BELLS.

BENEATH the low-hung night cloud
That raked her splintering mast
The good ship settled slowly,
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
Her signal guns pealed out.
Dear God! was that thy answer
From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind,

“Ho! ship ahoy!” its cry :

“Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow

Shall lay till daylight by!”

Hour after hour crept slowly,

Yet on the heaving swells

Tossed up and down the ship-lights,

The lights of the Three Bells!

And ship to ship made signals,

Man answered back to man,

While oft, to cheer and hearten,

The Three Bells nearer ran ;

And the captain from her taffrail

Sent down his hopeful cry.

“Take heart! Hold on!” he shouted,
“The Three Bells shall lay by!”

All night across the waters
The tossing lights shone clear;
All night from reeling taffrail
The Three Bells sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,
In grateful memory sail!
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,
Above the wave and gale!

Type of the Love eternal,
Repeat the Master's cry,
As tossing through our darkness
The lights of God draw nigh !





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